

Max B "Blow Me A Dub"

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See we all medicate our pains some ways
This is what we do

Hook:

I'm 'bout to blow me a dub
I need a swig of Grand Cru to take the pain away
The sour sarinates my soul
(You better show me some love)
We sell seven bricks of caine today
What's the matter, what ya hold
(It's like my homies are buzzed)
I'ma pour a lil' liquor on the curb for my homies, see ya
at the crossroads
(You niggaz better show me some love)
Show me some love

Verse 1:

Niggaz tried they best to hurt me, come and test the
birdie
I'm Tom Brady, you a Testeverde
Yeah, old, washed-up with no arm strength
He don't show no remorse, he ain't got a conscience
He ain't got the don sense to be the boss
Who that nigga they they talkin' 'bout, that be me of
course
Biggavel', bet I prove 'em wrong again just like the last
wave
I only get the money, hit the honeys that be nasty
Blast me, caught 'em off the lean, took his breath away
The ratchet, tore him off his jeans, took his vest away
Spend 50, put the rest away, tuck my metal though
750 for a rainy day, cuz you'll never know
Know he got that better blow, Deez tried to crept strong
The Deisel still a 9 even when stepped on
The sourman, throw me dub, the powderman, show me
love
19.5 off a high-speed drive

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Nigga better show me some love man
All this wave I bring to the game
Y'all niggaz better Biggavel' that love man
Might have to go back in, ya know
Might have to go do that 30, ya know
Fuck it, ya know
I'ma leave you niggaz that wave though
Boss Don Biggavel', Byrdgang
Gotta love it, yeah
Public Domain 2 shit for you niggaz baby
So wavy
Shouts to my boy Midel Barrio
Got the smiley faces back in the building
Nigga Al Pac, what's good baby, Gain Greene
Ron Gida, Mike Bruno, ya know
It is what it is

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